

## **Historic, Archive Document**

Do not assume content reflects current  
scientific knowledge, policies, or practices.



TAYLOR-MADE SAFETY:

Farm home accident dramatization prepared by National Safety Council and produced by the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Recorded May 28, 1945. Time: 2 minutes, 43 seconds, without announcer's part.

ooOo•

TRANSCRIPTION:

SISTER: (FADE IN LAUGHING) Mom, do you have to can the whole garden at once?

MOM: (LAUGHS) Well, the beans and peaches seem to ripen all at once. Taste the preserves, Sister, are they sweet enough?

BOBBY: (FADE IN) Let me taste!

MOM: They're hot, Bobby.

BOBBY: Oh boy! Mmmmmmmmmmmmm

SISTER: Joe likes them real sweet.

MOM: And if Joe gets his furlough soon --

BOBBY: Won't ya ever learn, Mom -- it's shore leave when you're a sailor.

MOM: Well, shore leave or furlough doesn't make a mite of difference to me. He'll be home for a while -- that's what counts. Sister, get me some jars.

SISTER: We used the last for the snap beans in the oven. I sure hope they turn out all right.

MOM: They always have.

SISTER: Mom, our club leader said oven canning's risky.

MOM: I've been canning ever since I was married and I've never had a mite of trouble.

SISTER: But Mom -- she said there can be explosions and accidents from canning in the oven.

MOM: When you have your own home, Sister, you can work the way you want to -- but in my home I'm going to can the way I want to.

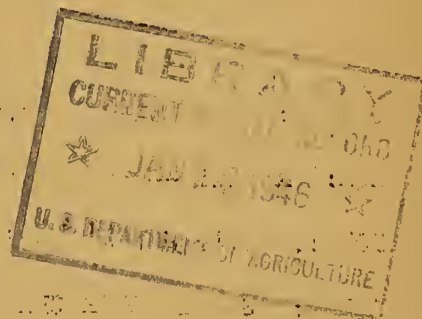
SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS

MOM: Bobby -- answer the phone.

SOUND: CLICK OF PHONE

BOBBY: Hullo....yeah...Mom, it's a telegram.

MOM: (FRIGHTENED) No -- not -- Bobby, get Dad in from the field!



SISTER: No---wait, Bobby, I'll take it.....Hello.....yes.....(JOYFULLY)

Thanks -- thanks a lot!

SOUND: CLICK OF PHONE

SISTER: Mom, it's from Joe -- he's on his way home!

MOM: He's -- all right?

SISTER: Yes, he got his leave!

BOBBY: Oh boy!

MOM: Well, we'll have fried chicken and --

BOBBY: Mom -- Sis -- look!

SISTER: A taxicab driving in!

MOM: A taxi -- out here!

BOBBY: It's Joe -- com' on!

SOUND: SCREEN DOOR SLAM

SISTER: Go on, Mrs. T., get out of this kitchen -- I'll watch the peaches.

MOM: (FADE) Now don't push me!

SOUND: SCREEN DOOR SLAM

JOE: (FADE IN) Hiya! How's my best girl?

MOM: (CHOKED) Son ----

JOE: (SOFTLY) Hello, Mom -- (HOLD A SECOND) Where's Sis?

MOM: She's in the kitchen.

BOBBY: Oh boy -- look at those ribbons and stars! Ya musta been in a hundred battles.

JOE: (LAUGHS) Just five.

MOM: Let's thank the good Lord you're back safe at home!

JOE: Yes, Mom.

SOUND: EXPLOSION OFF, FOLLOWED BY CRASHING GLASS

SISTER: OFF -- SCREAMS

JOE: WHAT's that?

BOBBY: The windows blew out!

MOM: Sister's in there -- (FADE CALLING) Sister -- Sister --

JOE: No, let me go -- you stay back.

SOUND: SCREEN DOOR OPEN

SISTER: (SOBBING) Oh Joe -- Joe --

MOM: Her arm's cut -- oh what'll we do --

JOE: Bobby, get some clean cloths -- and warm water --

BOBBY: Here ----

JOE: O.K., Sis -- Now let's see -- lucky it's only a minor cut.

SISTER: Yes -- the oven door just missed me -- it flew right by me!

JOE: Say -- we fellows are slugging it out in the Pacific to keep you folks back home safe and sound. What's the idea blowing yourself up?

MOM: I'm through with oven canning!

JOE: Sis, you lie down. I'm in command now, Mom, and the order of the day is:  
No more accidents in this house.

END OF TRANSCRIPTION

###

